

Soulmates: A Troyler Story

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Category: Web Shows

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Troye Sivan, Tyler Oakley

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 17:45:47

Updated: 2016-04-11 17:45:47

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:49:28

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,195

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In a world where everyone has a bracelet tattoo that counts down to when you meet your soulmate, Troye Sivan nervously anticipates his own soulmate meeting. First Troyler story, please review!

Soulmates: A Troyler Story

****A/N:** Alright... you guys should know that Troyler is a recently discovered obsession of mine, and they are definitely one of my OTPs. The love is real. I hope I did them justice! Enjoy the oneshot, fellow Troyler shippers! And if you're here through my Malec fics, welcome to my dark side. *evil laugh* This is where the (gasp) DESCRIPTIVE KISS SCENES are! That's right. Anyway, enough rambling. Enjoy, and reviews make my day. Just sayin'.**

****Rated T for kissing. No smut. ****

****Disclaimer:** I obviously don't own anything or anyone.**

Soulmates.

The word had so many different connections, to so many different people. To some, it meant heartbreak, or a pang of still-fresh grief. To some, it meant joy, or struggle, or despair.

But to everyone, it meant bracelet tattoos. The tattoos appeared at roughly the age of 16, on the wrist of your dominant arm. The colour of your tattoo was your soulmate's favourite colour, and intricately woven numbers on the inside of your wrist counted down to the moment you saw your soulmate for the first time. Once you met your soulmate, the numbers disappeared and your soulmate's name replaced them.

That was where so many couples went wrong. Once your soulmate's name was on your wrist, there was no taking it off, not until your

soulmate died. And everyone could see it. Because of the names, people were sometimes being forced into a horrible relationship, or out of the closet, and there was fighting and bullying and jealousy.

Also, there was no clear way to define "meeting" your soulmate. You might be on a crowded subway car when your tattoo stopped counting, and one of the people you were crammed next to would be your soulmate. In that situation, you might get off the train, not knowing until later that you had missed your perfect moment and all you had to go on was a name.

The soulmate system was full of flaws, but there was a certain beauty to it, a certain hope, and that was what the word "soulmate" meant to Troye Sivan.

Troye was excited.

He sat on his bed, examining his wrist for the millionth time, his gaze jumping back and forth between his shaking hands and the clock, which read 11:55. Five minutes. Five minutes until midnight of his 16th birthday. Four minutes until he would get his soulmate tattoo. Oh, how he hoped it would be a guy's name, he was out of the closet already and did NOT want to be stuck with a girl as his soulmate. Three minutes. That had happened to a couple people at school. Troye had felt horrible for them. What would that be like, (two minutes) to not even like your soulmate?

Troye felt nervous all of a sudden. What if he didn't like his soulmate? What if his soulmate didn't like him?

One minute and counting.

Troye sat up in anticipation.

The clock's digital numbers flashed red in the darkness. Midnight. Troye was sixteen years old.

His wrist began to glow with a scarlet light, much softer than the harsh red beams of the clock. Troye stared at his wrist, fascinated, as the beautiful, red, interlocking chains of the soulmate bracelet stained into his pale skin, producing a slight tickling sensation. The intricate timer, written in a beautiful hand, wrote across the inside of his wrist in tiny letters: 3 years, 5 months, 6 days.

At school the next day, Troye was peppered with questions from his friends, along with the birthday greetings. He didn't have a LOT of friends, but the few he had talked enough about his soulmate tattoo for the entire school.

"How long until you meet them exactly?"

"Ooh, red. Feisty." Troye laughed at this one.

"Can I see it, Troye?"

That day was exhausting, but when Troye went home, he still had to face the excitement from his family, and his birthday celebrations. Truth be told, Troye didn't really want to do anything at that moment but lie on his bed examining his tattoo "or maybe work on a new

song. But his family had the party ready, so he braved it. And it was actually fun.

At the end of the night, Troye retreated to his room with his notebook, and jotted down a few ideas, but his eyes kept getting drawn to the beautiful red links on his wrist. He opened YouTube to distract himself, and watched some funny vlogs.

Strangely enough, the antics of his usual go-to vloggers were proving to be about as useful as the notebook in distracting him. With a sigh, he went back to the home page and was about to shut off his computer when something in the Recommended section caught his eye. Not something " someone.

The someone had glasses, was dressed in bright colours and " was his hair purple? Intrigued, Troye clicked on the video, which was titled "Friendship Bracelets", and a smile found its way onto his face as he watched the purple-haired guy attempt to tie a friendship bracelet on to his equally happy-looking dark-haired friend. Troye didn't know why, but he found that hilarious. What was his name again?

He checked. Tyler Oakley.

Troye said it out loud, just to see what it felt like. "Tyler Oakley." It felt right, like that was a name he was meant to say more often.

He clicked subscribe.

Troye's obsession with music grew to a passion, and he began producing his own songs. He started a YouTube channel for his own personal use, and to his amazement, it became quite popular. People from all over loved his big blue eyes and beautiful, raw singing voice, as well as the fact that he was pretty funny.

Before Troye knew it, he was going to Playlist Live. As a creator. And he was going to meet some of his idols!

There were so many wonderful YouTubers who were going to be there, but the one that had Troye's hands shaking as he packed to leave was Tyler Oakley. As his channel gained success, Tyler's had blown up. Tyler had millions of devoted fans that he was going to meet.

Troye had been noticed by Tyler several weeks before. He messaged him on Twitter, and to Troye's shock, Tyler messaged back. They had become a type of Internet friend, easy to talk to while still maintaining the level of awkwardness that came with not having met in real life.

But that was going to change. At Playlist Live, this year, Tyler and Troye were both going. They were going to meet. In real life.

Troye didn't know why he was so nervous. Snervous, he thought, laughing internally. Tyler was a YouTube star, but he was also a person, and it's not like they were total strangers. There was no reason to be so worried about meeting him.

Then why couldn't Troye stop thinking about his eyes and hair and

everything else?

It wasn't until Troye was on the plane to Florida, headphones in, prepared to sleep the long flight away, that he noticed the soft red writing on his wrist.

1 day, 12 hours, 43 minutes, 56 seconds

Troye sat bolt upright. No, he had to be sleep-deprived, or he needed glasses or something. One _day_? He would be at Playlist Live in one day!

All of Troye's panicking; racing thoughts came to a clear conclusion. Troye was going to meet his soulmate at Playlist Live. In a building full of people jam-packed close to one another. He only had to touch someone, the slightest brush, and if it was the right person he would have "met" his soulmate.

Troye didn't fall asleep for hours.

Troye collapsed onto a (very comfortable) sofa in the creator's lounge. The first day at Playlist Live had been a blast, but it had also been quite possibly the busiest day Troye had ever had. He barely had time to breathe between the meet and greets, panels and signings. It was incredibly satisfying and humbling to see how many fans had come to see him.

The lounge was moderately busy, with popular YouTubers and Viners chatting in small clumps around the large room. It had a cozy feel, although the decor was modern. The air was relaxed, and the chatting people seemed to be enjoying themselves after long, busy days similar to Troye's.

He sat on the sofa and watched the people, scanning the crowd for any faces he might know from YouTube. He spotted Dan Howell, and had just stood up to go introduce himself when he glanced at his wrist out of habit. Troye froze in shock.

2 minutes, 27 seconds. 2 minutes, 26 seconds.

There was no way around it. Troye was going to meet his soulmate there, in that room, in two minutes and twenty-five seconds. Twenty-four seconds.

Confident on the outside but shaking on the inside, Troye started to walk around the room, practically inviting anyone to come and talk to him. A few people glanced at him, but none paid much attention. The number counted down to 30 seconds.

Suddenly, getting desperate, Troye stopped in a corner of the room. Twenty seconds, and the glow on his wrist was getting brighter. He swallowed. Nobody was near enough to him to touch him accidentally. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a flash of lilac.

10 seconds. 9 seconds. 8 seconds.

Troye was drawn to that glimpse like a moth to a flame. He knew it had to be Tyler Oakley, and he was the one person Troye most wanted to meet there. He saw the lilac hair again, and he hurried after it, towards the exit.

3 seconds. 2 seconds. 1 second...

Tyler stopped abruptly and Troye crashed right into him. They fell in a heap. The room paused for a moment.

In a pile on the floor, Troye and Tyler locked eyes for the first time.

Shakily, they stood up, each helping the other up. They stood there. Everyone else, satisfied that no one was hurt, went back to their conversations.

"Sorry," Troye squeaked. God, he sounded like an idiot.

Tyler looked at his wrist, then at Troye's. "My soulmate band matches your eyes," he breathed.

Troye smiled. "Can't say the same for you," he said. They looked at each other for a moment.

And then they were laughing, and laughing, until the tears poured down their faces because the wait was over, and they each thought the other was beautiful, and relief and joy and beautiful hope were the only things that mattered in that one tiny moment.

Once they had recovered enough to speak, Troye held out his hand. "I'm Troye Sivan," he said shyly. "And I already know who you are."

"I know you're Troye Sivan," said Tyler with one of the biggest grins Troye had ever seen on a person. "I love love love all of your songs!"

"Just my luck, my soulmate's a fangirl," Troye said.

"That's professional fangirl to you."

"I think I'd rather call you Ty, or Tilly or something."

"Or something?" Tyler teased. "Nah, I like Tilly."

"I like you," Troye said, and then instantly wished he hadn't been so forward.

But Tyler didn't seem to mind all that much, as he leaned forward until their faces were only inches apart. "I like you too," he smiled.

Troye couldn't take it any longer. He leaned forward and closed the gap between their bodies, pressing his mouth to Tyler's.

They gasped â€" the sensation was entirely new, even though both had kissed people before. There must be something about kissing your soulmate, a deeper emotional bond that neither had felt before.

It started out a chaste kiss, just a brush of the lips, but both of them were eager to deepen the kiss as soon as they could. Troye hesitantly ran his hands through the hair that had fascinated him since the first time he saw it in its beautiful lilac colour. Tyler

ran his hands up Troye's back, over his shirt, making him shiver.

The kiss evolved into a battle for dominance, a dance of lips and tongues and teeth, both caught up in their own bubble of feeling so close to the one person they had lived without all their lives, but were most important to them at that moment. Troye gasped for breath, he wished this moment would never end "â€"

"Get a room!" came a shout from the other side of the room, followed by stifled laughter and more than one wolf-whistle. Troye and Tyler broke apart suddenly, both bright red. They had been so caught up in the heady feeling of each other that they had forgotten they were in public.

Ignoring everyone else in the room, Tyler and Troye walked through the mass of people and left the lounge.

They both knew that no matter where life took them, they loved each other, and nothing could ever keep them apart ever again.

Tyler Oakley was written in red.

_Troye Sivan _was written in deep blue.

And they were together.

A/N: Please review if you enjoyed!

End
file.